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Another list. The books were  
printed at Strawberry Hill in vol. 3,  
p. 95 of *Bibliographica* (Vol. )

**THE STRAWBERRY HILL PRESS**



**Three hundred copies printed .**



O D E S

BY

Mr. G R A Y.

ΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΕΤΝΕΤΟΙΞΙ—

ΠΕΝΔΕ, ΟΥΜΠ. ΙΙ.



PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL,

For R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

MDCCLVII.

See note in ...

6

**“HORACE WALPOLE”**  
**AND THE**  
**STRAWBERRY HILL PRESS**

**1757—1789**

**BY**

**MUNSON ALDRICH HAVENS**

“If I have any merit with the public it is for printing and preserving some valuable works of others; and if ever you write the lives of printers, I may be enrolled in the number.”

—Horace Walpole.



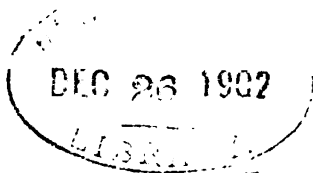
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1901

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Subscription Fund

Copyright 1901  
By Lewis Buddy 3rd

**Inscribed  
to the Companion of this  
Little Antiquarian Ramble**

### NOTE

The writer desires to make special acknowledgment of his indebtedness, in the preparation of this little book, to Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Horace Walpole: A Memoir,' and to the essay upon the 'Strawberry Hill Press' contributed by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley to Part IX of 'Bibliographica.'

The facsimiles here used are reproduced from the originals in the writer's collection. The portrait of Thomas Kirgate is from an unpublished pencil sketch by T. Gosden. It is said there is but one engraved portrait of Kirgate, that by Colland, and its scarcity is known to all who have essayed to form a collection of portraits illustrative of the progress of the art of printing.

M. A. H.

## ILLUSTRATIONS AND REPRODUCTIONS

- ✓ Portrait of Horace Walpole and reproduction  
of the Strawberry Hill Press Mark . Facing page 17
- ✓ Portrait of Thomas Kirgate and vignette view  
of the Printing Shop . . . Facing page 48

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**THE STRAWBERRY HILL PRESS**



HORACE WALPOLE  
AND THE  
STRAWBERRY HILL PRESS

1757. ♣ 1789

IN 1747 Horace Walpole announced to his friend Sir Horace Mann that he had acquired a little plaything house, near Twickenham, set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges. Though he spoke lightly of his new place to his friends, not so did Walpole value it himself. Soon it had become the principal object of his life to add to his acres and to mould the plaything house into a Gothic castle that would express the individuality of its owner, whether it conformed to the popular opinion of the stately and beautiful in architecture or not. At Strawberry Hill Walpole gathered together the spoils of his collecting at home and abroad. His fine paintings, rare books, old armor, medals and scarce prints—these were to occupy the greater part of his attention through life. In great contentment he resigned to others the career of politics and intrigue which had raised his father to the ministry, and laid the course of his life along the quiet lines suggested by his tastes and inclination. Society

delighted him, but when, with the end of winter, he slipped away to 'Strawberry,' his enthusiasm over the newest old bit of stained glass for a window, quite equalled his pleasure in the most brilliant fete of the London season. At 'Strawberry,' among his old manuscripts and books, idling away the hours with Gray, in reminiscences of old Eton days; sauntering, hatless, across the pleasant meadows to 'Cliveden,' there to hear Mrs. Clive's narrative of her latest tilt with Garrick, or to learn from Lady Suffolk the raciest scandal rumor had brought to her from town, and passing the long evening writing his 'Memoirs,' or adding a postscript to the budget of news that must be posted to Conway on the morrow—these were Walpole's happiest hours.

Walpole, the bookman, planning the limited editions of his private press at 'Strawberry,' reading proof with his printer, and entertaining his visitors with little verses, struck off in their honor, may interest the bookman of the twentieth century.

Walpole shall tell his own story, in his own way, as far as may be possible.

In his 'Short Notes on My Life' Walpole records June 25, 1757 as the date of the establishment of the Strawberry Hill press. He had fitted up as a printing office an untenanted cottage on his estate and employed as his printer one William Robinson. The step from collecting rare books to making them, Walpole found a natural one, and his enthusiasm

over his new amusement, expressed in his letters, seems genuine, and makes pleasant reading for the bookman of today. Doubtless, mingled with his exultation over a new and unusual pastime for his leisure, was a characteristic satisfaction in placing himself in a position to become the patron of men of letters. It is quite certain he had no expectation of increasing his income by becoming a publisher, and equally certain that his motive was not a fear of having need of a press to print his own productions. The plan was wholly that of an amateur, fond of all rarities, and willing to expend a part of his income in putting forth limited editions of books that pleased his fancy.

Printing, in England, at this period, was carried on with a view chiefly to its utilitarian aspect. Caslon's types had immediately been recognized as a great improvement over those in general use, and during the preceding quarter of a century, had been widely distributed throughout the printing shops of the kingdom. At Glasgow Robert Foulis had begun to turn out beautiful editions of the classics, but the 'Father of English Typography,' John Baskerville, of Birmingham, had not yet printed the first of 'those magnificent editions which went forth to astonish the librarians of Europe.' It was, in fact, in this very year, 1757, that Baskerville's 'Virgil' was printed, and following that came the quarto editions of 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' in which

the Birmingham printer announced that the extent of his ambition was 'to print an octavo Common Prayer Book and a folio Bible.'

Walpole's was not the first private printing press in England, though destined to be more noteworthy than any other of the eighteenth century. One only, however, preceded that at Strawberry Hill. The Rev. Francis Blomefield, had, in 1736, established a press at his rectory at Fersfield. It was a poorly conceived undertaking, and Blomefield found himself unable to finish at his own press the 'Essay towards a Topographical History of Norfolk' he had written, and was obliged to send it to a public printer.

To a friend who urged him to pay him a visit at this time, Walpole replied, after describing his new occupation: 'Is not it the plainest thing in the world that I cannot go to you yet, but that you must come to me? I tell you no news for I know none. Elzevir, Aldus and Stephens are the freshest persons in my memory. Unless I were appointed printer of the Gazette, I think nothing could at present make me read an article in it.'

He affected to ridicule his latest passion, paraphrasing Pope:

'Some have at first for wits, then poets passed;  
Turned printers next and proved plain fools at last.'

Of the first printer at Strawberry Hill, William Robinson, an Irishman, Garrick said 'he would give any money for four actors with such eyes.' One day,

soon after Robinson's installation, Walpole, looking for something he wanted in a drawer, discovered 'a parcel of strange, romantic words, in a large hand, beginning a letter.' Robinson observed that Walpole had noticed it, yet left it, evidently wishing him to read it, which he did. This letter was full of the grossest flattery, couched in ridiculous scraps of poetry, retained from books that Robinson had printed — but it will best describe itself :

Sir : — I date this from shady bowers, nodding groves and amaranthine shades — close by old Father Thames' silver side, fair Twickenham's luxurious shades, Richmond's near neighbor where Great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity ; in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman. This gentleman is the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences ; amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing house at this, his country seat, and has done me the favor to make me sole manager and operator, there being noone but myself. All men of genius resorts his house, courts his company and admires his understanding ; what with his own and their writings I believe I shall be pretty well employed. I have pleased him and I hope to continue so to do. Nothing can be more warm than the weather has been here this time past ; they have in London, by the help of glasses, roasted in the artillery-ground fowls and quarters of lamb. The coolest days that I have felt since May last are equal to, nay, far exceed, the warmest I ever felt in Ireland. The place I am in now is all my comfort from the heat ; the situation of it is close to the Thames and is Richmond Gardens, if you were ever in them, in miniature, surrounded by bowers, groves, cascades, and ponds, and on a rising ground not very common in this part of the country ; the building elegant, and the furniture of a peculiar taste



and superb. He is a bachelor and spends his time in the studious rural taste — not like his father, lost in the weather beaten vessel of state — many people censured, but his conduct was far better than our late pilot's at the helm, and more to the interest of England ; they follow his advice now and court the assistance of Spain instead of provoking a war that was ever against England's interest.

Walpole laughed for an hour at this picture of himself.

Even after due allowance is made for Robinson's exaggerations it may be inferred that Walpole had not spared his purse in equipping his printing shop. His press was, of course, one of the massive oak hand presses of the period, and his types were all from the Caslon foundries, having no characteristic to distinguish them from those in use by every London printer whose work had any pretension to typographical excellence.

Walpole decided that the press should be called the Strawberry Hill press, and in order to still further identify its publications with his residence, he had a small plate of the villa made, ornamenting it with a border of foliage, from which a coat of arms depended, and intertwined with which was a scroll containing the motto 'Fari qua Sentiat.' This plate and others like it of various sizes, was printed beneath the title of the first, and most of the succeeding publications of the press. The symbolical character of the 'vignette' has resulted in its being often miscalled the Strawberry Hill bookplate. Several writers on 'Ex Libris', among them so well qualified

an authority as Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, have directed attention to this misconception, and as Walpole's armorial bookplate is known to every collector there seems to be no reason for a continuance of the misnomer.

It had been Walpole's intention to open the press with a translation of Paul Hentzner's account of his journey in England in the year 1598. But as Walpole was one day in town, looking over the books in Dodsley's shop, and very possibly seeking suggestions from that astute publisher, Gray, the poet, entered, with the manuscripts of two new odes, 'The Progress of Poesy,' and 'The Bard,' in his hands. He had brought them to Dodsley to be published. Aside from his friendship for the poet, the keen instinct of the collector was at once alive at this unexpected occurrence, and Walpole, to use his own words, snatched the odes out of Dodsley's hands, and declared they should be the first fruits of the new press.

The first book was not to go to press, however, without a dispute between Walpole and Gray that might have reopened their old quarrel, and made Hentzner's 'Travels' the first book after all. Walpole admired the odes greatly; he praised them extravagantly; but he admitted finding them obscure, and he urged Gray to prepare notes. Gray said there should be no notes, and declared that 'whatever wants to be explained don't deserve to be.' In

the end Gray had his way and the 'Odes' went to Robinson's hands without the additions.

Walpole had hoped the press might begin printing on July 16th. On the 12th he wrote to John Chute: 'On Monday next the 'Officina Arbuteana' opens in form. The stationers company, that is Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Tonson etc are summoned to meet here on Sunday night,' and on the 16th to George Montagu,—'Elzevirianum opens today; you shall taste its first fruits. I find people have a notion that it is very mysterious; they don't know how I should abhor to profane Strawberry Hill with politics.' On July 26th the forms were not yet on the press and Walpole remarks with sarcasm—'The press goes on as fast as if I printed myself. I hope in a few days to send you a specimen, though I could wish you was at the birth of the first produce.'

It is not difficult to fancy Walpole fluttering about the printer while the slow process of composition proceeded; his eager interest in the first proofs he received, and his posting copies to Gray, at Cambridge, to be revised. 'Pray send me the proof sheets to correct for you know you are not capable of it,' wrote Gray. 'It is very true,' said Walpole characteristically, years afterwards, 'and I hope future edition mongers will say of those of Strawberry Hill, they have all the beautiful negligence of a gentleman.'

There followed the delightful criticism of Gray's painful revisions, the supervision of the making up





of the forms, and finally, on August 8th, nearly a month later than the day set for its appearance, the joy of receiving the first book, still damp, from the press. The voluble Robinson probably shared the elation of the moment and it seems almost certain that jolly Catherine Clive, the actress, who was Walpole's neighbor, did not miss the opportunity to be present. She was keenly interested in the printing of the 'Odes.' 'We printed them' at 'our press' said Mrs. Clive, to the amusement of those who heard her.

One thousand copies of the first book were printed, and this, by the way, was a larger issue than any subsequent edition. In the accepted sense of the phrase the 'Odes' were not 'privately printed,' for the books were immediately bundled off to the Dodsleys to be sold and it was from them that the poet received forty guineas as compensation. Walpole was probably not remunerated. The book was a thin quarto and neither the composition nor press work was better than the average work of a dozen London printers. But as a first attempt the new volume was a pronounced success, and Walpole was well satisfied. The public quickly justified his suggestion that notes were needed by its inability to understand or appreciate the literary merit of Gray's performance, but, says Walpole, 'My humble share as his printer has been more favorably received.'

'Elzevir Horace,' as Conway called him, became more than ever an interesting personality to his

friends. They reluctantly accepted his assurance that the press would never be employed either in politics or satire, a resolution to which Walpole adhered so faithfully that, when, several years later, he published his 'Defense of General Conway,' though acknowledging its authorship, he had it printed by Almon.

Every visitor to Strawberry Hill was shown through the printing office, and the unusual spectacle was doubtless very interesting to Walpole's fashionable acquaintance. 'Les amusements des eaux de Straberri' began at once. One day Lady Rochford, Lady Townshend and a Miss Bland dined with Walpole. They must needs be taken to the little cottage in which Mr. Robinson was at work. Walpole anticipating their visit had written a little verse to Lady Townshend and had it set up. After the merry party had looked about, Robinson was directed to take an impression, and in a moment Walpole had the pleasure of handing her Ladyship the following lines as a souvenir of her call at the 'Officina Arbuteana':

The press speaks :

From me wits and poets their glory obtain ;  
Without me their wit and their verses were vain.  
Stop, Townshend, and let me but paint what you say ;  
You, the fame I on others bestow, will repay.

As Walpole had expected, the ladies wished to see the printer compose. Walpole gave him, therefore,

four lines from 'The Fair Penitent' which Robinson set, but as he was on his way to the press, Walpole having diverted the attention of the visitors, the printer whipped away what he had just set, and to their great surprise, when they expected to see 'Were ye, ye fair,' he presented to Lady Rochford, who had been Miss Young, these printed lines:

The press speaks :

In vain from your properest name have you flown,  
And exchanged lovely Cupid's for Hymen's dull throne;  
By my art shall your beauties be constantly sung,  
And in spite of yourself you shall ever be young.

'You may imagine,' related Walpole afterwards, 'whatever the poetry was, that the gallantry of it succeeded.'

Between the first publication and the second, Walpole seems to have reached the conclusion, to which he did not adhere, that he would only print books to be given away to his friends. 'I shall only give my Louvre editions to privy councillors and foreign ministers,' he wrote to Sir Horace Mann. 'Apropos! there is a book of this sacred sort which I wish I could by your means procure: it is the account, with plates, of what has been found at Herculaneum. You may promise the King of Naples in return, all my editions.'

It was not until October that the book, originally intended to be first from the press, was ready for distribution. This was a translation of a part



of Paul Hentzner's 'Travels' in the year 1598. Walpole dedicated the small octavo volume to the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was a member. Only two hundred and twenty copies were printed. In the interval between the 'Odes' and the 'Travels,' however, there were printed six copies of a quarto sheet containing a few lines written by David Garrick, and entitled 'To Mr. Gray on His Odes.'

The press was immediately at work again. In April, 1758, appeared a 'Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England,' with lists of their works, in two small octavo volumes, which had been written by Walpole in five months of the preceding year. The issue was limited to three hundred copies, and these were so quickly sold, that in May Walpole was preparing additions and corrections for a second edition. He was astonished, he wrote to his friends, that the book should have found such ready buyers. 'The curiosity of the world' he believed to be 'raised only by the smallness of the number printed,' and this view, was, in a measure, justified. For not only were the collectors — and there were giants in those days — eager to secure the pretty and inexpensive books from Horace Walpole's press; the booksellers also could foresee the certain appreciation in value of such limited editions, and stored them away to await the demand. With the publication of the second edition — a considerably larger issue, not printed at Strawberry Hill — a storm of

criticism, to which Walpole was most sensitive, broke upon the author and impelled him to write to the Reverend Henry Zouch that he was sick of the character of author, sick of the consequences of it, weary of seeing his name in the newspapers, tired with reading foolish criticisms and equally foolish answers. He hoped his friends would allow the latest abuse to pass unnoticed. It was written, he declared, by a non-juring preacher who had been a dog doctor.

'The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors' was followed by a pretty little book, 'An Account of Russia as it was in the Year 1710,' by Charles Lord Whitworth, who was Envoy Extraordinary to Russia in 1704, and Ambassador Extraordinary in 1710. Seven hundred copies were printed. Walpole contributed the 'Advertisement,' in the course of which he related an incident more entertaining than any to be found in Lord Whitworth's account. 'Lord Whitworth,' he says, 'had had a personal intimacy with the famous Czarina Catherine, at a time when her favors were not purchased, nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had compromised the rupture between the Court of England and the Czar, he was invited to a ball at court and taken out to dance by the Czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand and said in a whisper, 'Have you forgot little Kate?' Almost any reader will subscribe to Wal-

A  
CATALOGUE  
OF THE  
ROYAL  
AND  
NOBLE AUTHORS  
OF  
ENGLAND,  
With LISTS of their WORKS.

*Dove, diavolo! Messer Ludovico, avete pigliato  
tante coglionerie?*

CARD. D'ESTE, to ARIOSTO.

VOL. I.



PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL.  
M DCCCLXIII.

pole's lament 'that so agreeable a writer as Lord Whitworth has not left us more ample accounts of this memorable woman.'

His friends congratulated the editor more upon his advertisement than what followed it. 'I am a little sorry,' wrote Walpole to George Montagu, 'that my preface, like the show cloth to a sight, entertained you more than the bears it invited you to see.' Straightway there was a search for more materials of the same character — 'Monsieur Kniphausen has promised me some curious anecdotes of the Czarina Catherine,' Walpole's acquaintances were informed, 'so my shop is likely to flourish.' But M. Kniphausen seems not to have kept his promise.

The press, meanwhile, did not lack occupation. A collection of 'Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose,' from Walpole's pen, had been printed, but its distribution was deferred until 1759. 'I will not surfeit people with my writings,' he declared, 'nor have them think I propose to find employment alone for a whole press — so far from it, I intend to employ it no more about myself.'

The first book printed in 1759 was entitled 'A Parallel in the Manner of Plutarch: Between a most Celebrated Man of Florence and one scarce ever heard of in England,' by the Reverend Joseph Spence. The exact date of publication, scrupulously recorded by Walpole, was February 2nd. This book also, was a small octavo and differed

AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
RUSSIA

AS IT WAS  
IN THE YEAR 1710.

BY  
CHARLES LORD WHITWORTH.



PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL,  
M DCC LVIII.

from those preceding it in that the title page was adorned, not with the charming Strawberry Hill vignette, but with an engraved bust of Magliabecchi, 'the celebrated man of Florence,' taken apparently from one of the medals in Walpole's collection. Seven hundred copies were printed and sold by the Dodsleys, for the benefit of Mr. Robert Hill, a poor little tailor of Buckingham, who, in spite of overwhelming obstacles, and abject poverty, had become conversant with Latin, Greek and Hebrew. At the time the book was printed, this profound student had difficulty in providing bread for his family, and was himself, said to have gone many days without tasting anything but water and tobacco. It is pleasant to learn from Walpole's 'Short Notes on my Life' that six hundred copies of the 'Parallel' were sold in a fortnight, and that the book was reprinted in London.

Walpole's letters at this time give evidence that the press was the object of his affectionate interest. 'Think what in part I have recovered!' he wrote to Montagu in August, 1758. 'Only the State papers, private letters &c &c of the two Lords Conway, Secretaries of State. How you will rejoice, and how you will grieve! They seem to have laid up every scrap of paper they ever had, from the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to the middle of Charles the Second's. By the accounts of the family there were whole rooms full; all which, during

**A PARALLEL;**  
**In the manner of PLUTARCH:**  
Between a most celebrated  
**Man of FLORENCE;**  
And ONE, scarce ever heard of, in  
**ENGLAND.**  
By the Reverend Mr. SPENCE.

-----*Parvis componere magna.*-----VIRGIL.



**PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY-HILL,**  
**By WILLIAM ROBINSON;**  
**And Sold by Messieurs DODSLEY, at Tully's-**  
**Head, Pall-Mall ;**  
**For the Benefit of Mr. HILL.**

**M DCC LVIII.**

the absence of the last, and the minority of the present Lord, were by the ignorance of a steward, consigned to the oven, and to the uses of the house. What remained, except one box that was kept till almost rotten, in a cupboard, were thrown loose in the lumber room, where spread on a pavement, they supported old marbles and screens and boxes. From thence I have dragged all I could, and have literally, taking all together, brought away a chest near five feet long, three feet wide, and two deep, brim full. Half are bills, another part rotten, another gnawed by rats; yet I have already found enough to repay my trouble and curiosity, not enough to satisfy it. I will only tell you of three letters of the great Strafford, and three long ones of news of Mr. Garrard, Master of the Charter House; all six written on paper edged with green, like modern French paper. There are handwritings of everybody, all their seals perfect, and the ribands with which they tied their letters. The original proclamations of Charles the First, signed by the privy council; a letter to King James from his son in law of Bohemia, with his seal; and many, very many, letters of negociation from the Earl of Bristol in Spain, Sir Dudley Carleton, Lord Chichester, and Sir Thomas Roe—what say you? Will not here be food for the press?’

To another friend of the same discovery:—‘In short, if I can but continue to live thirty years ex-



traordinary, in lieu of those I have missed, I shall be able to give the world some treasures from the press at Strawberry.' And to still another:—'It is a vast work to dry, range and read them, and to burn the useless, as bills, bonds and every other kind of piece of paper that ever came into a house, and they were all jumbled and matted together. I propose by degrees to print the most curious, of which I think I have selected enough to form two little volumes of the size of my catalogue. Yet I will not give too great expectations about them, because I know how often the public has been disappointed when they came to see in print what in manuscript has appeared to the editor wonderfully choice.'

The public was destined to disappointment in this instance, for not on the Strawberry Hill press or any other were the gems from this chaotic mass of correspondence printed, when, a whole century later, Cunningham edited Walpole's enthusiastic letters, describing the treasure.

In December Walpole was about to undertake an edition of Lucan. His friend Richard Bentley had in his possession his father's notes and emendations on the first seven books. A partiality for the original author concurred with the circumstance of the notes to make Walpole wish to print the works of a man whom he owned he preferred to Virgil.

But now was to occur an exasperating delay. The press came to a standstill. William Robinson,

whom Walpole thought at first had 'the most sensible look in the world,' proved to be only 'a foolish Irishman, who took himself to be a genius,' and who grew angry when Walpole thought him extremely the former, and not the least of the latter. The first printer at Strawberry Hill left the 'amaranthine shades' that delighted him, and Walpole had difficulty in finding a successor. For two years the printing office was unoccupied. Walpole gloomily predicted that in the future he should not print anything more important than Mrs. Clive's benefit tickets. Advantage was taken of the inactivity, however.

The Strawberry Hill castle was progressing and its progress encroached upon the site of the little printing shop.—'I have just finished a Holbeinchamber,' wrote Walpole in the fall of 1759, 'that I flatter myself you will not dislike; and I have begun to build a new printing house, that the old one may make room for the gallery and round tower.' Late in October the new printing office was finished, and the old one pulled down, in order to lay the foundations, in the summer following, of the round tower.

Material worthy of the press was also preparing. In the summer of 1758 Walpole purchased of Vertue's widow, for £100, forty volumes of his MS. collections relating to English painters, sculptors, grave-diggers and architects. Vertue had begun to write their lives, but had not proceeded far in the actual work of composition, nor done very well what he had

done; in September, 1759, Walpole began the tedious task of digesting, rearranging and rewriting what was afterward to be known as his 'Anecdotes of Painting in England.'

At this time also came the attack of the gout which was to cruelly torment him to the end of his days. 'My tower erects its battlements bravely. My Anecdotes of Painting thrive exceedingly; thanks to the gout that has pinned me to my chair,' wrote Walpole in the summer of 1760. And in connection with this enforced literary activity occurred an incident which would lose half its charm if told in other than Walpole's own words: 'Last Friday morning I was very tranquilly writing . . . I heard the bell at the gate ring. I called out as usual 'Not at home,' but Harry, who thought it would be treason to tell a lie, when he saw red liveries, owned I was, and came running up: 'Sir, the Prince of Wales is at the door, and says he is come on purpose to make you a visit.' There was I, in the utmost confusion, undressed, in my slippers, and with my hair about my ears; there was no help; *insanum vatem aspecet*—and down I went to receive him. Him, was the Duke of York. Behold my breeding of the old court; at the foot of the stairs I kneeled down and kissed his hand . . . He was, as he always is, extremely good humoured and I, as I am not always, extremely respectful. He stayed two hours, nobody with him but Morrison; I showed him all my castle.'

One may wonder whether the printer's paraphernalia, now in disuse, was not also shown, as one of the chief curiosities of the place.

Several attempts to replace Robinson were made, and Walpole was 'plagued with a succession of bad printers.' Even with these the press was able to accomplish something. Two little catalogues, one of the pictures and drawings in the newly constructed Holbein chamber, and the other of the collections of pictures of the Duke of Devonshire, General Guise and Sir Paul Methuen, were turned out in the early part of 1760. These were mere pamphlets, of a few pages only, but of the second catalogue only twelve copies were printed, these of course for private circulation.

Later in the year appeared the long delayed Lucan's 'Pharsalia,' in quarto, of which five hundred copies were printed. Walpole was pleased with the book, describing it as handsome.

He was now deep in the 'Anecdotes of Painting.' 'You will be surprised,' he wrote to the Rev. Henry Zouch, 'to see what a quantity of materials the industry of one man (Vertue) could amass! and how much he retrieved at this late period.' The work of reducing to order the chaos of Vertue's notes required such patience and determination as Walpole seldom gave evidence of possessing. The first volume, however, begun in January, 1760, was finished in August. The second was begun in Septem-

ber and finished in October. June of the following year saw Walpole at work on the third volume which was completed in August—'I would not,' he wrote to Zouch, 'have the materials of forty years, which was Vertue's case, depreciated in compliment to the work of four months, which is almost my whole merit.' One needs to understand Walpole's affectation of never appearing to be seriously engaged in any undertaking to give this estimate of his part in the 'Anecdotes' its true value. It was in relation to this work that he had the conversation with Hogarth, so faithfully rendered.

In the spring of 1761 he called on Hogarth to look at a portrait he was then painting of Charles James Fox. As Walpole was leaving, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' Walpole tells the story perfectly:—'I sat down,' he writes, 'and said I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters. H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it to correct; I should be sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of these things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why but t'other day he offered a hundred

pounds for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar ; and indeed, to say the truth, I have generally found that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it ; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about Sir James Thornhill (you know he married Sir James's daughter) : I would not have you say anything against him ; there was a book published some time ago abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year one thousand and seven hundred, and I really have not considered whether Sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not ; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it ; besides I am writing something of the same kind myself ; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is, very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is it not ? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England ; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence ; besides, if it does, I cannot help it : when I publish anything I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh ! if it is an antiquarian work we shall not clash ; mine is a critical work ; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it owing

to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild — and I left him. If I had stayed, there remained nothing for him but to bite me. I give you my honor this conversation is literal, and perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met anything so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my Preface: I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad.'

It was not until 1762 that the two first volumes of the 'Anecdotes of Painting in England' succeeded Lucan to the press. One Thomas Farmer had seemed qualified to serve Walpole as his printer, and Farmer's name appeared on the title page of each volume. The books were quartos, with many plates, and in capable hands would have been beautiful volumes. They were, perhaps, intended to be the magnum opus of the press; certainly Walpole had spared no trouble or expense in their preparation. But before the edition was off, Farmer was off, also, and Walpole wrote to Sir David Dalrymple, then himself preparing to publish,—'You will, I hope, find less trouble with printers than I have done. Just when my book was, I thought, ready to appear, my printer ran away, and has left it very imperfect. This is the fourth I have tried, and I own it discourages me. (Our low people are so corrupt, and such

knives that being cheated and disappointed are all the fruits of attempting to amuse oneself or others.) Literature must struggle with many difficulties. They who print for profit, print only for profit; we who print to entertain or instruct others, are the bubbles of our designs. Defrauded, abused, pirated — don't you think, Sir, we need have resolution? Mine is very nearly exhausted.'

Farmer, of whom we catch a glimpse years later at the private press of John Wilkes, seems to have regarded himself as something more than an ordinary printer. 'I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my Lord Melcomb, or a panegyric to my Lord Bute,' suggested Walpole. The remainder of the edition was struck off by a printer whose name is not recorded, and to him also was intrusted the third volume, which appeared in 1763, and the supplementary 'Catalogue of Engravers who were born, or resided in England.' The fourth and final volume of 'Anecdotes' was not printed until 1780.

Walpole announced his deliberate conclusion that 'there is no such a being as an honest printer in the world.'

Yet at about this time he might have accepted an opportunity to establish a connection with no less important a printer than John Baskerville of Birmingham, who wrote to Walpole, sending specimens of his work, asking his support, and complain-



ing that the booksellers did not choose to encourage him and that he was tired of the business of printing.

'As the patron and encourager of the arts and particularly of printing,' wrote Baskerville, 'I have taken the liberty of sending you a specimen of mine, begun ten years ago, at the age of forty seven, and prosecuted ever since with the utmost care and attention, on the strangest presumption that if I could fairly excel in this divine art it would make my affairs easy, or at least give me bread. But, alas! in both I was mistaken . . . My folio bible is pretty well advanced at Cambridge, and will cost me £2,000, all borrowed at five per cent interest. If it does not sell, I shall be obliged to sacrifice a small patrimony, which brings me in £74 a year, to this business of printing, which I am heartily tired of, and wish I had never attempted.'

Walpole's correspondence furnishes no clue to his reply to Baskerville, and indeed the great printer of Birmingham is mentioned only once by name, and then in no very important relation. But the Strawberry Hill publisher probably gave the reason for his failure to form some advantageous connection with Baskerville when he wrote — 'Were my fortune larger I should go deeper into printing.' One may indulge in some curious speculations as to the results had Baskerville's experience, skill and taste been joined with Walpole's command of a wealthy and

fashionable clientele of subscribers for every book from the Strawberry Hill press.

In 1764 an individual named Prat was enjoying the sunny view from the new printing house, and his name appears on the title page of a thin quarto volume of poems by Anna Chamber, Countess Temple, issued from the press, in an edition of only one hundred copies. Walpole's tendency to extravagant praise is never more clearly illustrated than by his letter to Lady Temple, acknowledging his indebtedness to her for permitting him to print the poems. 'More than slight corrections,' he assured her, 'would destroy the chief merit of the poems, which consists in the beautiful ease and negligence of the composition.' And then he added: 'I do real justice to these poems: they should be compared with the first thoughts and sketches of other great poets. Mr. Addison, with infinite labour, accomplished a few fine poems; but what does your Ladyship think were his rough draughts?'

In 1764, also, Walpole converted the press into a toy for the amusement of a little eleven-year-old girl, the niece of Lady Suffolk, his neighbor and friend, by translating and printing a little fable from the tales of Bonaventure des Periers, valet de chambre to the Queen of Navarre, entitled

THE MAGPIE AND HER BROOD.

How anxious is the pensive Parent's thought !  
How blest the fav'rite Fondling's early lot !

Joy strings her hours on pleasure's golden twine,  
And Fancy forms it to an endless line.  
But ah ! the charm must cease or soon or late,  
When Chicks and Misses rise to Woman's 'state,  
The little Tyrant grows in turn a slave,  
And feels the soft anxiety she gave.  
This truth, my pretty Friend, an ancient Wit,  
Who many a jocund Tale and Legend writ,  
Couch'd in that Age's unaffected guise,  
When Fables were the wisdom of the wise.  
To careless notes I've tun'd his gothic style ;  
Content, if you approve, and Suffolk smile.

Once on a time a Magpie led  
Her little family from home,  
To teach them how to earn their bread,  
When she in quest of a new mate shou'd roam.  
She pointed to each worm and fly,  
That crept on earth or wing'd the sky,  
Or where the beetle buzz'd, she call'd.

But all her documents were vain ;  
They would not budge, the urchin train,  
But caw'd, and cried, and squall'd.  
They wanted to be back at nest,  
Close nuzzled to Mama's warm breast ;  
And thought that she poor Soul ! must sweat  
Day after day to find them meat ;

But Madge knew better things.  
My Loves, said she, behold the plains,  
Where store of food, and plenty reigns !  
I was not half so big as you,  
When me my honour'd Mother drew  
Förth to the groves and springs.

She flew away ; God rest her Sprite !  
 Tho' I could neither read nor write,  
     I made a shift to live.  
 So must you too : come, hop away :  
 Get what you can ; steal what you may :  
     Th' industrious always thrive.  
 Lord bless us ! cried the peevish chits,  
 Can babes like us live by their wits ?  
 With perils compass'd round, can we  
 Preserve our lives or liberty ?  
 How shall we 'scape the fowler's snare ;  
 Or Gardiner's tube erect in air ?  
     If we but pilfer plums or nuts,  
     The leaden ball will pierce our guts :  
 And then, Mama, your tender heart will bleed  
     To see your little Pies lie dead.  
 My dears, said she, and buss'd their callow bills,  
 The wise by foresight intercept their ills :  
 And you of no dull lineage came.  
 To fire a gun it takes some time ;  
 The man must load, the man must prime,  
     And after that, take aim.  
 He lifts his piece, he winks his eye ;  
 ' Twill then be time enough to fly :  
 You out of reach may laugh and chatter ;  
 To bilk a man is no great matter.  
 Aye ! but — but what ? — why, if the Clown  
 Shou'd reach a stone to knock us down —  
     Why if he does, ye Brats,  
 Must not he stoop to reach the stone ?  
 His posture warns you to be gone :  
     Birds are not kill'd like Cats.  
 Still, good Mama, our case is hard :  
 The rogue, you know, may come prepar'd,

A huge stone in his list !  
Indeed ! my youngsters ; Madge replies ;  
If you already are so wise,  
Go, cater, where you list.

This was printed on a folded sheet, in size a small quarto.

Prat also printed a short 'Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury,' written by himself, a quarto, which Walpole declared to be 'by far the most curious and entertaining book' that his press had produced. It was 'the thing most in fashion ;' people were 'mad after it,' he believed 'because only two hundred were printed.' An amusing account of Walpole's method of securing the manuscript for this book is given in one of his letters. He had found it at Lady Hertford's, to whom Lady Powis had lent it. He took it up and threw it down again as the dullest thing he had ever seen, but afterward was persuaded to take it to Strawberry with him. Lady Waldegrave, his niece, was there, in mourning, and Gray also. The poet and Walpole read it to amuse her. They could not get on for laughing and screaming. Afterward Lord Powis was besought by Walpole to let him have the manuscript to print. Lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance of the narrative, refused. Walpole insisted, Lord Powis persisted. 'I sat down,' Walpole concludes, 'and wrote a flattering dedication to Lord Powis which I knew he would swallow : he did, and gave up his ancestor.'

At this time Walpole was engaged in writing his

romance — 'The Castle of Otranto.' One night in June he had a wonderful dream of which he could remember little more than a gigantic hand in armor on the uppermost bannister of the great staircase of an ancient castle. The following evening he began to write without in the least knowing what he intended to relate. He grew fond of it — indeed, became so engrossed with it that the tale was completed in less than two months. One evening he wrote from the time he finished his tea, at six o'clock, till half past one o'clock in the morning, when his hands and fingers were so weary that he could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. When the first edition of this work, of which very few copies were printed, was published, Walpole did not care to acknowledge its authorship, and it was not printed at Strawberry Hill, but for Thomas Lowndes in Fleet Street, in 1765.

'Elzevir Horace' was thoroughly discouraged by his experiences with rascally printers, tardy engravers and designing booksellers. 'The letters you tell me of, Sir, are indeed curious, both those of Atterbury and the rest,' he wrote to Sir David Dalrymple, 'but I cannot flatter myself that I shall be able to contribute to publication. My press, from the narrowness of its extent, and having but one man and a boy, goes very slow; nor have I room or fortune to carry it farther. What I have already

in hand, or promised, will take me up a long time. The London booksellers play me all manner of tricks. If I do not allow them ridiculous profit, they will do nothing to promote the sale; and when I do, they buy up the impression, and sell it at an advanced price before my face. This is the case of my first two volumes of 'Anecdotes' for which people have been made to pay half a guinea and a guinea more than the advertised price. In truth, the plague I have had in every shape with my own printers, engravers, the booksellers, &c., besides my own trouble, have almost discouraged me from what I took up at first as an amusement, but which has produced very little of it. I am sorry upon the whole, Sir, to be obliged to confess to you that I have met with so many discouragements in virtue and literature. If an independent gentleman, though a private one, finds such obstacles, what must an ingenious man do, who is obliged to couple views of profit with zeal for the public? Or, do our artists and booksellers cheat me the more because I am a gentleman? Whatever is the cause, I am almost as sick of the profession of editor as of author. If I touch upon either more it will be more idly, though chiefly because I never can be quite idle.'

It is possible that such discouragements might have led Walpole almost to abandon the idea of continuing to print the charming editions for which the London book collectors now vied with each

other, but fortunately, just at this time (1765) Thomas Kirgate, the printer who was to remain with Walpole until his death, was employed, and was immediately at work upon a second edition of the 'Anecdotes of Painting.'

From 1765 until 1768 no books were issued from the Strawberry Hill press except the second edition of the 'Anecdotes', the improved typography and presswork of which, proved Kirgate to be a thorough workman. Walpole, during the interval, spent much of his time in Paris, and his important literary labors were confined to the writing of his 'Memoirs of the Reign of George II,' which was not published until 1845, the 'Historic Doubts on Richard the Third,' which was published by Dodsley in 1768, in an edition of twelve hundred and fifty copies, and the tragedy of 'The Mysterious Mother.' The last named was even more gloomy a conception than the gothic 'Castle of Otranto.' Walpole only half hoped it would ever be played. The subject was so horrid that he thought it would shock, rather than give satisfaction to an audience; still he found it so truly tragic in the two essential springs of terror and pity that he could not resist the impulse to adapt it to the stage. In April, 1768, the 'Anecdotes' were off the press and it was engaged in printing a French play by the old President Henault, damned many years before in Paris, which Walpole yet considered better than



any of the modern tragedies. 'I print it to please the old man' Walpole explained to George Montagu, 'as he was exceedingly kind to me at Paris, but I doubt whether he will live until it is finished. He is to have a hundred copies, and there are to be but one hundred more, of which you shall have one.' The title page of the book ran thus: 'Cornelie, Vestale. Tragedie.' [By the President Henault.] Imprimee a Strawberry Hill, MDCCLXVIII.' 'The Mysterious Mother,' which had been two years in manuscript, was also issued from the press in 1768. It was a small octavo, and the edition was limited to fifty copies, of which it is probable Walpole sold few, or none. They were for presentation to his intimate acquaintance, many of whom were now endeavoring to secure a copy of every book from his press. 'Don't give him any more Strawberry Hill editions,' was Walpole's advice to Sir Horace Mann, to whom the new books were regularly sent, 'of some I print very few, they are all begged immediately, and then you will not have a complete set as I wish you to have.'

One small book only was issued from the press in 1769, the 'Poems' of the Rev. William Hoyland, which filled only twenty pages. The edition was limited to three hundred copies, and in the 'Advertisement' written by Walpole, he endeavored to prompt the people who read it to a little more charity for the poet, and to soften to him, as much

as possible, the humiliation of its being asked for him. It will be recalled that one of the earliest of the Strawberry books, 'Spence's Parallel,' was intended to relieve the circumstances of another unfortunate. Walpole's press as the medium of his benevolence, might be worthy of more than a passing paragraph. His books were presented or sold, largely, to the wealthy and cultured, and to their sympathy, genius in distress, both the genius and the distress being vouched for by Walpole, doubtless made an effective appeal.

The Gothic Castle at Strawberry Hill, with its fine collection of pictures, prints, armor and rarities of all kinds had by this time become one of the show places of England. Walpole declares he shuddered when the bell at his gate rang. It was as bad as keeping an inn, he complained, and he was often tempted to deny the sightseers admission, except that it would have been ill-natured to those who came to see it, some of them from a long distance. Instead he built himself a small cottage, near the great house, and fled precipitately when the number of his visitors seriously threatened his studious retirement. It became necessary for Mr. Kirgate to print cards of admission to the house, labels for the various collections, and rules for the curious callers at Strawberry. In his article on Strawberry Hill in 'Bibliographica' Mr. Wheatley has reprinted the British Museum copy of the regula-

tions Walpole made for the supply of tickets of admission:

‘Mr. Walpole is very ready to oblige any curious Persons with the sight of his house and collections, but as it is situated so near London and in so populous a neighborhood, and as he refuses a ticket to nobody that sends for one, it is but reasonable, that such persons as send, should comply with the rules he has been obliged to lay down for showing it.

‘Any Person sending a day or two before, may have a ticket for four persons for a day certain.

‘No ticket will serve but on the day for which it is given. If more than four persons come with a ticket, the Housekeeper has positive orders to admit none of them.

‘Every ticket will admit the company only between the hours of twelve and three before dinner, and only one company will be admitted on the same day.

‘The house will not be shown after dinner, nor at all but from the first of May to the first of October.

‘As Mr. Walpole has given offence by sometimes enlarging the number of four and refusing that latitude to others, he flatters himself that for the future nobody will take it ill that he strictly confines the number, as whoever desires him to break his rule does in effect expect him to disoblige others, which is what nobody has a right to desire of him.

‘Persons desiring a ticket may apply either to Strawberry Hill or to Mr. Walpole in Berkeley Square, London. If any person does not make use of the ticket, Mr. Walpole hopes he shall have notice; otherwise he is prevented from obliging others on that day, and thence is put to great inconvenience.

‘They who have tickets are desired not to bring children.’

It seems reasonable to suppose that the printing office was an object of general interest to the Lon-

doners who made the jaunt to Twickenham. Mr. Kirgate had, probably, as many visitors as his master, and one can fancy the printer laying aside his work to explain the mysteries of his little domain, and showing the visitors his own carefully treasured set of Strawberry Hill imprints.

Among the labels printed to describe articles in the collection, one is especially noteworthy; Gray's poem, written in 1747, commemorating the untimely end of Walpole's favorite cat. The printed poem was attached to the vase or tub which was the scene of the catastrophe :

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
    The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selina, reclined,  
    Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
    The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes  
    She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but, midst the tide,  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
    The genii of the stream :  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,  
Through richest purple, to the view  
    Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
    With many an ardent wish,  
She stretched in vain to reach the prize :  
What female heart can gold despise :  
    What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,  
Again she stretched, again she bent,  
    Nor knew the Gulf between :  
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,)  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;  
    She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mewed to every watery God  
    Some speedy aid to send.  
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,  
No cruel Tom or Susan heard ;  
    A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived,  
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
    And be with caution bold :  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes,  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,  
    Nor all that glitters gold.

The year 1770 saw Mr. Kirgate busily engaged in printing the first two volumes of an edition of Walpole's 'Works.' The set was not completed, however, until after his death, and then not at the Strawberry Hill Press. A twenty-four page pamphlet was the only other product of the press during the year. Walpole's 'Historic Doubts' had





given rise to a storm of criticism. One of the critics was the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries of which Walpole was a member. Walpole wrote a reply to the observation of his reverend critic and, in the month of August printed six copies of it. The 'Historic Doubts' was a labored effort to relieve the character of Richard III. of the obloquy with which history and tradition have united in burdening it. When the remarks of the Rev. Dr. Milles were followed by a criticism from the pen of another member of the Society of Antiquaries, Walpole resigned the argument to posterity, and withdrew from the Society soon afterward.

Another incident of the year, though of trifling importance, may be recorded in such a chronicle of trifles as the present essay. It was in 1770 that Lord Chesterfield, then in his seventy-sixth year, breakfasted with Walpole at Strawberry Hill. The latest additions to the gothic castle were exhibited to the venerable statesman and though it is not upon record, Walpole may have escorted his Lordship to the printing office, as was the custom with equally distinguished visitors. Whether Lord Chesterfield's good breeding was put to the test of accepting or declining an invitation to see Mr. Kirgate's 'sanctum,' or not, he carried away from Strawberry a memento of the press, for Mr. Wal-



pole made him this compliment with his types :

Few paces hence, beneath yon grottoed road,  
From dying Pope the last sweet accents flowed  
O Twitnam ! would the friend of Pope but bless  
With some immortal strain thy favour'd press,  
The happier emblem would with truth depose,  
That where one Phoenix died, another rose !

One of Walpole's occupations at this period has a passing interest for that cult of the book-collecting brotherhood known as 'extra illustrators.' He had been a collector of prints for more than thirty years, buying for a shilling what had come to be worth half a guinea or a guinea, and on account of his enormous collection was able to assist Granger in compiling his 'Catalogue of English Portraits,' which stimulated the practice of removing the plates from many books to use them for the adornment of one.

'Scarce heads in books,' says Walpole—or out of them he might have added,—'not worth three pence, will sell for five guineas.' In another letter Walpole refers to Granger's having promised him 'An unique print of King Charles the First's chimney sweeper.' The modern madness could scarcely exceed this. Loose titles and labels were printed at the Strawberry Hill press to meet the requirements of Walpole's taste for a mild form of 'extra illustration.'

Seven months of the year 1771 were spent by

Walpole in Paris, and the press was idle. Some materials for publication were in hand, but Elzevir Horace always wished to be present when the books came from the press. He had secured from Lord Ossory, in June, a number of original letters from Edward VI. to Barnaby Fitzpatrick. These had been carefully copied and compared by William Cole, the antiquary. One of the letters and part of another had previously been printed, Cole discovered, but Walpole concluded this need not prevent the publication of the collection. He consulted with Lord Ossory whether the edition should be large or limited, and advised the latter. 'There are so very few they will barely make a sixpenny pamphlet,' he urged, 'and not being all new, people might not think them quite important enough for sale. On the contrary a smaller number will keep them a curiosity and yet be sufficient to preserve them. If you like this method I will print you what number you please and will send you two or three hundred, and will ask you leave to keep a hundred for myself, as I did for Lord Powis. He had one hundred copies [of the 'Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury'], and I the same, and in two years one copy was sold at auction for four guineas — you see I have learnt the mysteries of my trade.'

While in Paris Walpole learned of the death of Gray, by which he was inexpressibly shocked. He read of it in the newspapers and dispatched a letter

at once to the Rev. William Mason asking the particulars and evidently hoping the news might have been untrue. In his distress, even, he had a thought for the press at Strawberry Hill. 'Our long, very long, friendship, and his genius, must endear to me everything that relates to him,' he wrote, 'What writings has he left? Who are his executors? I should earnestly wish, if he has destined anything to the public, to print it at my press—it would do me honour, and would give me an opportunity of expressing what I feel for him. Methinks as we grow old, our only business here is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own!' And to another friend he wrote,— 'If he has left anything for the press I flatter myself mine will be allowed to contribute to that office. I shall be happy to bear all the expense.'

But Gray had left, so Mason informed Walpole, no finished poems, only some 'considerable and beautiful fragments.' Mason thought, too, that while Walpole might print privately what he pleased, the edition for public sale should be contrived to be a lucrative one, and the money disposed of in a way that would do honor to the memory of the poet. As it transpired Walpole printed nothing further from the pen of Gray at the Strawberry press.

In 1772 Walpole was again at Strawberry Hill and Mr. Kirgate was ready to print the 'Letters of Edward VI.' Lord Ossory seems to have agreed

with Walpole that a limited edition would be more satisfactory than a large one, and only two hundred copies of this booklet—it consisted of less than twenty five pages—were printed.

The press was now in danger of coming to a standstill not through the shortcomings of the printer, but because Walpole was out of materials. He selected one of his own MSS. and one from Gray's collection, and he begged his fellow antiquaries to look through their stores for anything 'historic, curious or new' which they would be willing he should print.

The materials already chosen were printed separately, under the title of 'Miscellaneous Antiquities,' and on the title page of each Walpole announced that these collections of curious papers, either republished from scarce tracts or printed in this form for the first time, would be continued occasionally. Number One Walpole described as 'only a republication of some tilts and tournaments.' In the preface Walpole alluded to the general taste of the period for anecdotes and historic papers or ancient letters that recorded affairs of state, illustrated the characters of remarkable persons or preserved the memory of former manners and customs, and the number was devoted to a reprint of several chapters from a folio of 1602, by Sir William Segar, entitled 'Honour: Military and Civil.' It contained several curious accounts of the splendid and romantic

MISCELLANEOUS  
ANTIQUITIES;

O R,

A COLLECTION OF  
CURIOUS PAPERS:

Either republished from SCARCE TRACTS, or now  
first printed from ORIGINAL MSS.

NUMBER I.

TO BE CONTINUED OCCASIONALLY.

*Invenies illic et fœda domestica vobis.*

*Sæpe tibi Pater est, sæpe legendus Avus.*

OVID. Fast. lib. 2.

STRAWBERRY-HILL:  
PRINTED BY THOMAS KIRGATE, M.DCC.LXXII.

ceremonies of Queen Elizabeth's reign. In printing this book Mr. Kirgate followed, as nearly as the type at his disposal would permit, the typographical style of the original and the original spelling was also preserved. Five hundred copies, small quarto, were printed.

Before Number Two was ready for the press Walpole called the intended series 'a hospital of Foundlings' and declared he should not inquire into the nobility of the parents nor care 'how heterogeneous the brats are.' The second number was a collection of the writings of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder, 'a charming poet, an admired wit, an accomplished scholar,' and one of the counselors of Henry VIII. He was thrown into the Tower upon the charge of treason, by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his 'Defense,' when tried, forms the principal part of the collection. The papers, it was announced in the introduction, were copied by Gray from the originals in the British Museum, and the public was asked — 'What Mr. Gray thought worth copying, who will not think worth reading?'

With the second number the series ended. Either the public did not admire Gray's taste, or the public desire for antiquities was satiated with the first number, for the public was, to Walpole's intense disgust, quite unappreciative, and a large part of the edition of four hundred copies went begging.

There followed what was in some respects one

of the most noteworthy productions of the press, — ‘Memoirs du Comte de Grammont, par Monsieur le Comte Antoine Hamilton,’ to which Walpole contributed a preface and notes, the former in his most charming style. In Paris, Walpole had a dear old friend, blind and nearing death, Madame du Deffand, familiar to all readers of the ‘Letters.’ To her the volume was dedicated, with a warm expression of the editor’s friendship, admiration and respect. One hundred copies only were printed and nearly half the edition was sent to Paris. The book was a quarto of a few more than three hundred pages and its format was as tasteful as that of any book issued from the press. So few copies having been printed it must have been ‘desiderata’ of the first value to those who were endeavoring to form a complete set of Walpole’s ‘louvre editions.’ Walpole called it his favorite book, and, explaining the very limited edition to Mason, declared he would not have it ‘common.’

From the time of the publication of the ‘Grammont’ the productions of the ‘Officiana Arbuteana’ began to steadily deteriorate in interest and value, although the activities of the Strawberry Hill press were not to cease entirely for more than fifteen years.

‘My press is at a dead stand’ Mason learned from Walpole, early in 1774, ‘I know you have twenty things in your ‘portfeuille.’ I will print as few as

you please. I have no ambition of serving or amusing the public and think of nothing but diverting myself and the few I love.' Mason considered himself flattered by the attention, but, regretting that he had nothing to offer, suggested returning again to the 'Miscellaneous Antiquities.' 'Why should the neglect of the public prevent you from proceeding' he argued. 'There may come a public hereafter who will not neglect them, and if such a public never comes, your private amusement is still secured.' Walpole declined to print a third number. 'Excuse me,' he replied, 'But I cannot take your advice, nor intend to print any more for the public. When I offer you my press it is most selfishly, and to possess your writings, for I would only print a few copies for your friends and mine. My last volume of the 'Anecdotes of Painting' has long been finished, and as a debt shall some time or other be published, but then I take my leave of Messieurs, the readers. Let Dr. Johnson please the age with the fustian of his style and the meanness of his spirits. . . . Present amusement is all my object in reading, writing or printing.'

The reference to Dr. Johnson gives point to an explanation, however brief, of the reason that the three names, inseparably connected with the literature of the time, were never made to add to the interest and aid in the preservation of the memory of the Strawberry Hill press. One need only quote



one line from one of Walpole's letters to know all. 'Indolent Smollett! trifling Johnson! piddling Goldsmith!' he wrote 'how little have they contributed to the glory of a period in which all arts, all sciences are encouraged and rewarded.'

Walpole was proud of his press and jealous of his attitude toward its productions. 'In some cases I have sold my works, and sometimes have made the impressions at my own press pay themselves, as I am not rich enough to treat the public with all I print there; nor do I know why I should. Some editions have been given to charities, to the poor of Twickenham &c. Mr. Spence's life of Magliabecchi was bestowed on the reading tailor. I am neither ashamed of being an author, nor a bookseller. My mother's father was a timber merchant, I have many reasons for thinking myself a worse man, and none for thinking myself better: consequently I shall never blush at doing anything he did. I print much better than I writé, and love my trade.'

Nevertheless the press had done its best work. Walpole had reached the age of nearly three score. He was tormented — afflicted by the gout and Kir-gate had become more his master's secretary and amanuensis than his printer.

'My health is gone; pain is my lot' wrote Walpole 'and what are the fair things of the world to me any longer? I leave off making purchases, and put a stop to my collection; it were the hoarding of

a miser to pile my house with curiosities, when I shall enjoy them so little; and extravagance to buy, when my lease of life is running out so very fast. It will be five months to-morrow that I have been a close and anguished prisoner.' The collections of Strawberry Hill were still to grow, however; a month later Walpole might have been seen buying two pictures, which cost him nearly one hundred and fifty guineas, at Mr. West's auction, and attending the first production of Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.'

Yet the health of the owner of Strawberry was indeed steadily failing. Kirgate's chief employment at this time and in succeeding years was that of writing letters at Walpole's dictation; 'My printer is turned into a secretary and I myself into a packhorse,' complained Walpole. In his new avocation Mr. Kirgate showed again his desire to serve his employer faithfully. He essayed to imitate his master's handwriting and succeeded so well that doubtless many Walpole letters, prized by the autograph collectors of several generations, were written and signed by Kirgate. How arduous were his labors one may realize when he recalls that the correspondence edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham fills nine thick octavo volumes. Is it not reasonable to suppose that at least an equal number of letters was not preserved?

'I see nothing, know nothing, do nothing,' wrote

Walpole mournfully, 'My castle is finished, I have nothing new to read, I am tired of writing, I have no new or old bit for my printer.

He was in fact beginning to resolutely regard himself as an old man, who might mingle sometimes in the trifling vanities of the younger generation, but for the most part viewed them from the serene heights of placid old age. Kirgate was set to work at printing a catalogue of the curiosities at Strawberry. Their collection had been one of the chief occupations of Walpole's uneventful life; the preparation of the catalogue was evidently considered an essential part of his preparation for death. The book was a quarto of one hundred and twenty pages and was called — 'A Description of the Villa of Horace Walpole'. One hundred copies were printed of which six were on large paper. It was the only publication of the year 1774. There seems to have been an earlier edition of a similar catalogue, used by the servants in showing the house, but not even the research of Mr. Austin Dobson, with all the facilities at his command, has resulted in bringing a copy to light. To the 1774 catalogue from time to time an appendix was added until the pages of a complete copy are one hundred and fifty-eight. In 1784, as will be seen, a supplement of ninety-two pages was issued.

In 1775 Charles James Fox contributed to the press a copy of verses to Mrs. Crewe, which had

not previously appeared in any periodical. These were printed on two pages, quarto, three hundred copies being the limit of the edition.

TO MRS. CREWE.

By the Honorable Charles Fox.

Where the loveliest Expression to Feature join'd,  
By Nature's most delicate pencil designed,  
Where blushes unbidden and Smiles without Art  
Speak the sweetness and feeling that dwell in the heart,  
Where in manner enchanting no blemish we trace,  
But the Soul keeps the Promise we had from the Face,  
Sure Philosophy, Reason and Coldness must prove  
Defense unequal to shield us from love.  
Then tell me mysterious Enchanter, O tell  
By what wonderful Art, or by what magic Spell,  
My heart is so fenced, that for once I am wise  
And gaze without madness on Amoret's eyes :  
That my wishes which never were bounded before,  
Are here bounded by Friendship and ask for no more.  
Is it reason ? No, that my whole Life will belie,  
For who so at variance as reason and I ?  
Is't Ambition that fills up each chink of my Heart,  
Nor allows to one softer Sensation a part ?  
Ah ! no ! for in this all the world must agree,  
That one Folly was never sufficient for me.  
Is my Mind on Distress so intensely employ'd ?  
Or by pleasure relax'd or variety cloy'd ?  
For, alike in this only, Enjoyment and Pain,  
Both slacken the Springs of the nerves which they strain.  
That I've felt each Reverse that from Fortune can flow,  
That I've tasted each Bliss which the Happiest know,  
Has still been the whimsical Fate of my Life,  
Where Anguish and joy have been ever at strife.

But though versed in th' extremes both of Pleasure and Pain,  
 I am still but too ready to feel them again.  
 If then for this once in my Life I am free,  
 And escape from a Snare might catch wiser than me,  
 'Tis that Beauty alone but imperfectly charms,  
 For that Brightness may dazzle, 'tis Kindness that warms.  
 As on Suns in the winter with Pleasure we gaze,  
 But feel not their Force, though their Splendor we praise ;  
 So Beauty our just admiration may claim,  
 But Love, and Love only, our Hearts can inflame.

'I think you will like the ease and frankness of these lines, though they are not poetic' wrote Walpole. 'In that light and as characteristic, they are pretty and original—so they are for being love verses without love; the author's reason for not having which is the worst part; and if poetry was peremptory logic, the inference would be that you must be in love with a woman before you can desire her: at least she must be in love with you, which I take to be seldom the case.'

Another even less conspicuous publication of the year was 'Dorinda, a Town Eclogue,' written by General Richard Fitzpatrick, which occupied eight quarto pages. Three hundred copies of this, also, were printed. The subject was not new, Walpole admitted, but as the versification was very good he thought it might divert a melancholy quarter of an hour.

Three years elapsed before the press again showed signs of activity. In 1778 seventy-five copies of a

little comedy, written by Pont de Veyle, an acquaintance of Walpole's at Paris, and translated by Lady Craven, entitled 'The Sleep Walker' were printed and in 1779 appeared 'A letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton.' Walpole had been bitterly attacked in the 'Miscellanies'. The cause of the controversy is too well known, or too easily ascertained, to make necessary its recapitulation at this time. Walpole had declined, upon advice, either to accept the authenticity of the Rowley MSS. or to render pecuniary assistance to Chatterton. The Chatterton cult seems to have considered the distressing end of that unfortunate youth's career as partly the result of Walpole's indifference and disbelief. One of these partisans was the editor of the 'Miscellanies.' Walpole's defense occupied more than fifty octavo pages, and two hundred copies of the book were printed and distributed. Few, if any, were sold. In excusing the length to which he had gone in explaining his attitude towards Chatterton, Walpole wrote to Mason, — 'I hate controversy, yet to be silent now would be interpreted as guilt; and it is impossible to be more innocent than I was in that affair. Being innocent I take care not to be angry . . . one satisfaction will arise from all this; the almost incredible genius of Chatterton will be ascertained. He had generally genuine powers of poetry; often wit, and sometimes natural humour.

I have seen reams of his writing, besides what is printed. He had a strong vein of satire, too, and very irascible resentment; yet the poor soul perished before he was nineteen! He had read and written, as if he was four score, yet it cannot be discovered when or where. He had no more principles than if he had been one of all our late administrations. He was an instance that a complete genius and a complete rogue can be formed before a man is of age.'

In 1780 the long-delayed fourth volume of the 'Anecdotes of Painting' was printed. This and one other small piece constituted the whole output of the press that year. The latter consisted of four quarto pages containing lines by a Mr. Charles Miller upon seeing Walpole's niece, the beautiful Lady Horatia Waldegrave, mourning the death of the Duke of Ancaster, to whom she was betrothed. One hundred and fifty copies were printed. In 1781 the press, in different vein, celebrated the nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp and Miss Lavinia Bingham, of Walpole's acquaintance, in an eight page quarto booklet, containing an ode, written for the occasion by William Jones, Esq., afterwards Sir William Jones. Two hundred and fifty copies of this publication, which had the pretentious title — 'The Muse Recalled', were printed. A second production of the year was an edition of one hundred and twenty copies of a letter from the 'Honourable

T O

Lady HORATIA WALDEGRAVE,

O N T H E

DEATH of the DUKE of ANCASTER.

**Y**ES, beauteous Virgin, yes, thy Tears are just;  
They pay the last sad Tribute to the Dust;  
The sacred Dust, the cold unfeeling Earth,  
That once was Virtue, Valour, Spirit, Worth:  
That once could charm with Youth and Beauty's Glow,  
Ah! why?---but 'twas Heav'n's Will; 'tis ours to bow  
Without repining to its high Behest,  
And to believe, Whatever is, is best.  
Yet hard the Task to teach unpractis'd Youth  
This serious Lesson, this important Truth.  
Nature, imperious Queen, speaks in thy Eyes  
With forceful Eloquence; thy heart-felt Sighs

Proclaim



Thomas Walpole to the Governor and Committee of the Treasury of the Bank of England.'

In 1784 Mr. Kirgate printed a supplemental 'Description of the Villa of Horace Walpole,' which included in its inventory of the collections their most notable accessions. The furniture, pictures and curiosities were all described in this small quarto volume and the edition was of two hundred copies. The second catalogue contained several plates, two large views of the castle, the college, the library, the gothic chimney piece in the Holbein chamber and others, making it the more desirable of the two editions of the 'Description.'

An odd little book of 'Hieroglyphic Tales' appeared in 1785, of which only six copies are said to have been printed. The 'Tales' were written by Walpole during the years 1771 and 1772. He described them as 'even wilder than the Castle of Otranto,' and assured his friends that, despite appearances, they were not written 'in the gout' nor when he was 'out of his senses.' Walpole's 'Essay on Modern Gardening,' of which four hundred copies were printed, followed the 'Hieroglyphic Tales'. It was printed in English and French, the English text and the translation of the Duc de Nivernois on opposite pages.

In the winter of 1787 took place the meeting between Walpole and Mary and Agnes Berry, two charming and accomplished girls, the first twenty-

THE  
MUSE RECALLED,  
A N O D E,

OCCASIONED BY  
THE NUPTIALS OF  
LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP  
A N D

MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,

Eldest Daughter of CHARLES Lord LUCAN,

MARCH VI, M.DCC.LXXXI.

By WILLIAM JONES, Esq.

STRAWBERRY-HILL:  
PRINTED BY THOMAS KIRGATE, M.DCC.LXXXI.

two and the other twenty one years of age. Their attachment to him, and his regard for them, which began almost with their first meeting, was steadfast through his remaining years, and was, indeed, the solace of his old age. One June day in 1788 they made their first call at Strawberry Hill and Walpole being reminded of the gallantries of his former days, by their expected visit to his printing house, they found these verses ready set :

To Mary's lips has ancient Rome  
Her purest language taught,  
And from the modern city home  
Agnes its pencil brought.

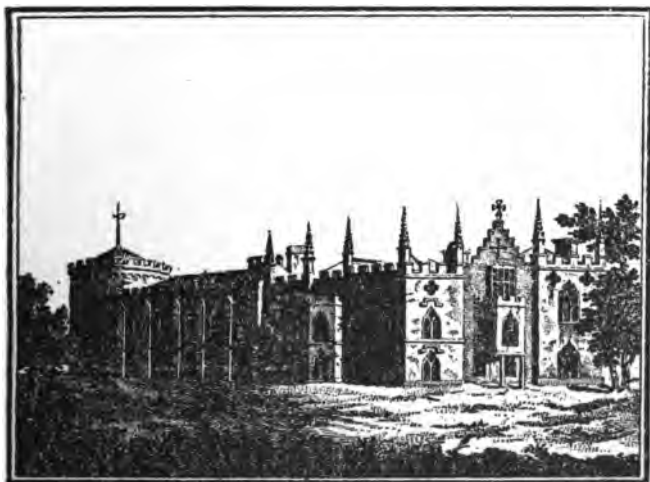
Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants  
Such maids with lyric fire;  
Albion's old Horace sings nor paints—  
He only can admire.

Still would his press their fame record  
So amiable the pair is;  
But ah! how vain to think his word  
Can add a straw to Berry's!

Another of the few acquaintances Walpole formed at this period, when so many of his life long friends were passing away, was with Hannah More, whose society and letters he greatly enjoyed. It was she who supplied the press with its next material, her poem, 'Bishop Bonner's Ghost,' which was printed on two quarto pages in 1789, the last year the press had any worthy occupation. Ninety six

**BISHOP BONNER'S**

**G H O S T.**



**STRAWBERRY-HILL:  
PRINTED BY THOMAS KIRGATE, MDCCLXXXIX.**

copies, two on brown paper, are said to have been the limit of the edition. Walpole seems to have had a little difficulty in securing the consent of 'Saint Hannah,' as he called her, to the publication of the poem. 'I like to filch a little immortality out of others,' pleaded the experienced and kindly old flatterer, 'and the Strawberry Hill press could never have a better opportunity.' The press, so much in disuse, was growing decrepit, like its master and his printer, and while the edition of the poem was still unfinished the press got out of order and Walpole was obliged to send the whole impression to town to have the copper plate taken off.

'The History of Alcidalis and Zelida,' a fourteenth century tale by Vincent de Voiture, was the last book issued by Walpole. Kirgate was old and deaf; he was probably glad when the last impression was off the forms.

In 1790 the Duke of Clarence visited Strawberry Hill and some verses in his honor were struck off. These seem to have been the last even of the small pieces printed under the direction of Walpole.

The year 1791 saw the Berrys established at Cliveden and Walpole undergoing the empty metamorphosis of becoming Lord Orford, which he described as 'being called names in one's old age.' Six years later he wrote his last letter to Lady Ossory, or Kirgate wrote it for him, and on the second day of March, 1797, he died, in his eightieth year.

Among his legacies were two that relate to the subject of this essay. Strawberry Hill he bequeathed to Mrs. Anna Damer, the daughter of his old friend, General Conway, for her life, with a sufficient sum of money to keep the great house in repair. She was an amateur sculptor of some ability and in the interest of her pursuit converted the printing office into a modelling room. To Thomas Kirgate, his faithful printer and secretary for more than a quarter of a century, Walpole left only £100. Yet this was the man of whom Walpole had written, — 'You will treat my co-laborer Kirgate with respect, as should fame happen to have a library of rare editions, I may be admitted there only under his auspices.' During his incumbency Kirgate had probably received low wages. [Walpole refers to having paid one printer a guinea a week]. He had shared and respected the confidences of his employer, both whimsical and real. He had shown a genuine and sympathetic devotion to him in illness, Walpole had, possibly no more sincere mourner at his death. It should be remembered, too, that Kirgate was no ordinary printer, but a man of education and some culture, whose tastes were in many respects similar to Walpole's. We shall not wonder then that, having set up and printed at the press 'The Printer's Farewell to Strawberry Hill' Kirgate left with the feeling that his services had not been appreciated. Several years later Thomas Frognall Dibdin,

searching for bibliographical details, visited Kirgate at his lodgings in London. Dibdin records that though earnest in his inquiries he found Kirgate destitute of all typographical enthusiasm, and inclined to speak 'sparingly but bitterly of Walpole's unkind treatment of him.' Later Kirgate lived in Vine Street, Piccadilly, and there he died. In December, 1810, his collections of books, prints, portraits, old china, carvings and other curiosities came under the hammer of Messrs. King & Lochee, auctioneers in Covent Garden. The sale began on Monday, Dec. 3rd, and lasted ten days. More than £800 was realized from the literary property of the printer.

The auction of Kirgate's effects was notable in that it was the first offering of a complete set, and many duplicates, of the Strawberry Hill books. Some of the prices at which these sold may be interesting. The 'Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors' brought thirty-three shillings; Whitworth's 'Account of Russia,' twenty-three shillings; two copies of the 'Fugitive Pieces,' 'extra illustrated' forty-two and forty-nine shillings; Hentzner's 'Journey' forty-five shillings; a choice copy of 'The Mysterious Mother, £6, 15s.; a presentation copy of Spence's 'Parallel,' twenty-two shillings; 'The Sleep Walker,' elegantly bound, twenty-one shillings. A copy of the 'Hieroglyphic Tales' was sold for £16 to G. Baker, who afterwards

compiled an imperfect bibliography of the press. One copy of the 'Grammont' brought twenty-seven shillings, another in a fine binding, twice that amount. An uncut set of the first edition of the 'Anecdotes of Painting' brought £12, 12s., and a set of the second edition, with MS. notes by Walpole and Kirgate was sold for £11, 10s. Gray's 'Odes' was knocked down at £5, 2s., 6d. A small paper copy of the 'Description of the Villa', 1774, brought thirteen shillings, and one of the six copies on large paper went for thirty-two shillings. Lucan's 'Pharsalia' brought £2. G. Baker bought for £16 a complete set of the loose pieces, printed at the press, more than sixty in number, for Kirgate had been permitted to print a little on his own account and had struck off title pages for various books, cards for his business acquaintances and other matters of the same unimportant character. The set sold to Baker was said by the auctioneers to be the only complete set extant. The entire collection of Strawberry Hill imprints brought £136, 2s.

And so, with the last fall of the auctioneer's hammer, this brief chronicle may be ended.





PUBLICATIONS  
OF THE  
STRAWBERRY HILL PRESS

1757

ODES. By Mr. Gray. Quarto. 1000 copies printed.

TO MR. GRAY ON HIS ODES. Quarto. Of these verses, written by David Garrick, six copies only are said to have been printed.

A JOURNEY INTO ENGLAND. By Paul Hentzner. Small octavo. 220 copies printed.

1758

CATALOGUE OF THE ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS OF ENGLAND. 2 vols. Small octavo. 300 copies printed.

Baker mentions a supplement to this catalogue, of which he states forty copies were printed. The writer finds no other reference to this volume, and the inaccuracy of Baker's list is known.

AN ACCOUNT OF RUSSIA AS IT WAS IN THE YEAR 1710. By Charles Lord Whitworth. Small octavo. 700 copies printed.

A PARALLEL IN THE MANNER OF PLUTARCH: BETWEEN A CELEBRATED MAN OF FLORENCE; AND ONE SCARCE EVER HEARD OF, IN ENGLAND. By Rev. Joseph Spence. Small octavo. 700 copies printed.

## **FUGITIVE PIECES IN VERSE AND PROSE.**

**Small octavo. 200 copies printed.**

There is some question as to whether Walpole printed this year 'The Mistakes; or the Happy Resentment,' a comedy by Lord Cornbury. The title page of the book states that it was printed by Samuel Richardson, and Walpole, in his 'Short Notes' refers only to having written the advertisement. One Yardley, a bookseller, declared he had assisted in printing the book at Strawberry Hill, according to Baker, but the evidence is to the contrary.

**1760**

## **CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES AND DRAWINGS IN THE HOLBEIN CHAMBER AT STRAWBERRY HILL. Octavo.**

**CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTIONS OF  
PICTURES OF THE DUKE OF DEVON-  
SHIRE, GENERAL GUISE AND THE LATE  
SIR PAUL METHUEN. Octavo. According to  
Lowndes' 'Bibliographer's Manual' twelve cop-  
ies only were printed.**

**LUCANI PHARSALIA. Quarto. 500 copies printed.**

**1761-1762**

## **ANECDOTES OF PAINTING IN ENGLAND. Small quarto. 600 copies printed.**

Volumes I. and II. were issued in 1762, Vol. III. in 1763, Vol. IV. in 1780. A second edition of the first three volumes appeared in 1765.

1763

CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVERS WHO HAVE  
BEEN BORN, OR RESIDED IN ENGLAND.  
Quarto. 600 copies printed.

1764

POEMS. By Anna Chamber, Countess Temple.  
Quarto. 100 copies printed.

THE MAGPIE AND HER BROOD. Quarto.

Baker's List does not state the number printed. The frequent recurrence of copies for sale leads to the inference that the edition was not closely limited.

LIFE OF EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF  
CHERBURY. Small quarto. 200 copies printed.

1768

CORNÉLIE, VESTALE, TRAGÉDIE. By President Henault. Octavo. 200 copies printed.

THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER, A Tragedy. By Horace Walpole. Small octavo. 50 copies printed.

1769

POEMS. By the Rev. Mr. Hoyland. Small octavo. 300 copies printed

1770

REPLY TO THE OBSERVATIONS OF REV.  
DR. MILLES. Quarto. Six copies only are said to have been printed.

**WORKS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Quarto.**  
2 vols. The set was not completed until after  
Walpole's death.

1772

**LETTERS FROM KING EDWARD VI. TO  
BARNABY FITZPATRICK. Small quarto. 200  
copies printed.**

**MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES. Number I.**  
Small quarto. 500 copies printed.

**MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES. Number II.**  
Small quarto. 500 copies printed.

**MÉMOIRES DU COMTE DE GRAMMONT.**  
Small quarto. 100 copies printed.

1774

**DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLA OF HORACE  
WALPOLE. Small quarto. 100 copies printed,  
six on large paper.**

1775

**LINES TO MRS. CREWE. By Charles James  
Fox. Small quarto. 2pp. 300 copies printed.**

**DORINDA, A TOWN ECLOGUE. By General  
Richard Fitzpatrick. Small quarto. 300 copies  
printed.**

1778

THE SLEEP WALKER, A Comedy. Octavo.  
75 copies printed.

1779

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE MISCELLANIES OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.  
Octavo. 200 copies printed.

1780

LINES TO LADY HORATIA WALDEGRAVE  
ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF ANCASTER. Small quarto. 3pp. 150 copies printed.

1781

THE MUSE RECALLED. Small quarto. 250  
copies printed.

LETTER FROM THE HON. THOMAS WALPOLE. Small quarto. 120 copies printed.

1784

DESCRIPTION OF THE VILLA OF MR. HORACE WALPOLE. Quarto. 200 copies printed.

1785

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES. Octavo. Seven copies  
printed.

ESSAY ON MODERN GARDENING. Quarto.  
400 copies printed.

1789

**BISHOP BONNER'S GHOST.** Quarto. Ninety-six copies printed of which two were on brown paper.

Mr. Wheatley in his essay on 'The Strawberry Hill Press' expresses a doubt relative to the limit of this edition, believing it to have been larger than indicated above.

**HISTORY OF ALCIDALIS AND ZELIDA.**  
Octavo.

**LOOSE PIECES OF DOUBTFUL DATE.**

**COPY OF A GENERAL ORDER OF THE  
COURT OF EXCHECQUER FOR ISSUING  
SUMMONS OF THE PIPE.** 2pp.

**INSCRIPTIONS UNDER THE MONUMENT  
OF THE TWO FIRST EARLS OF WAL-  
DEGRAVE.**

"Query," says Baker, "If printed at Strawberry Hill."

**COLLECTANEA OR A COLLECTION OF  
ADVERTISEMENTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.**

**EPITAPH ON THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.**

**EPITAPH ON A WOMAN WHO SOLD  
EARTHENWARE.**

**EPITAPH ON A CANARY BIRD. Four stanzas.**

**THE DISASTER.**

This title suggests to the mind of the writer a poem of some length, but he has access to no information concerning it.

**LOUIS XV. IN FRENCH.**

**ADVERTISEMENT : STOLEN OR STRAYED  
A SMALL BROWN WATER DOG.**

**A BOOK OF CLUB ORDERS.**

**A CANCELLED PREFACE TO VOL. IV. OF  
THE ' ANECDOTES OF PAINTING. '**

**VERSES TO LADY CRAVEN.**

**VERSES TO LADY C. SPENCER.**

**THE PRESS TO THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.**  
Broadside. Quarto. Three stanzas.

**THE PRESS TO LORD CHESTERFIELD. Broad-**  
side. Quarto. Six lines.

**THE PRESS TO THE MISSES BERRY. Broad-**  
side. Quarto. Three stanzas.

**THE PRESS TO LADY TOWNSHEND.**

**THE PRESS TO LADY ROCHFORT.**

**THE PRESS TO MADAME DE BRUFLERS.**



THE PRESS TO MADAME DUSSON.

VERSES BY MRS. RACHEL HOLMES.

VERSES BY MRS. CLOAK.

VERSES BY MISS PRIOR.

VERSES BY PENTECROSS. Broadside. Quarto.

VERSES TO THE PRINTING PRESS AT  
STRAWBERRY HILL.

VERS: PRESENTES, &c.

VERS: LOUIS XV.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO CHLOE.

COCKNEY'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS. Broad-  
side. Quarto.

A SONG — 'THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.'  
Broadside. Quarto.

"There was a little man  
And he woo'd a little maid."

AN AIR IN FRENCH. 4 stanzas.

FRENCH VERSES TO MADAME DE BRUFF-  
LERS.

FRENCH VERSES TO MADAME DUSSON.

FRENCH VERSES TO MADAME DU CHAT-  
ELET.

VERSES TO MADAME DE DAMAR IMITATED IN FRENCH.

VERSES TO MADAME VILLEGAGNON IMITATED IN FRENCH.

VERSES TO MADAME DE LA VAUPALIERE IMITATED IN FRENCH.

THE MASTER OF OTRANTO TO LADY BLANDFORD.

DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES OF STRAWBERRY HILL. By John Carter. 65 copies printed.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN, EARL GRANVILLE.

RULES FOR OBTAINING A TICKET OF ADMISSION TO STRAWBERRY HILL.

RULES FOR TAKING DOWN THE BOOKS IN LIBRARIES.

THREE LABELS FOR CROKER'S DICTIONARY.

LABEL TO PUT UNDER THE LABEL OVER THE DOOR OF THE CHAPEL.

VERSES ON A CENOTAPH IN THE GARDEN.

LABEL FOR THE CHINA TUB IN WHICH THE CAT WAS DROWNED.

*Gray's verses.*

LABEL FOR A SCREEN.

LABEL FOR THE FISHING EAGLE.

LABEL FOR BUNBURY'S ETCHINGS.

LABEL FOR SEVIGNIANA.

LABEL FOR LOOSE PIECES PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

LABEL FOR DETACHED PIECES PRINTED AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

## TITLE PAGES.

A COLLECTION OF ALL DRAMATIC PIECES IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE III.

A COLLECTION OF MOST REMARKABLE TRACTS.

AN ACCOUNT OF A NEW METHOD OF PAINTING.

TITLE PAGE FOR 'THE CRAFTSMAN.'

## CARDS OF ADDRESS.

THOMAS KIRGATE, PRINTER, STRAW-  
BERRY HILL, MIDDX.

The printer was probably permitted by Walpole to occasionally use the press, when it was not otherwise employed, for his own diversion and profit, and these cards were doubtless the result.

SYLVESTER HARDING, PAINTER, PALL  
MALL.

MRS. DELANE, QUEEN ST., LINCOLN'S INN  
FIELDS.

COWARD & PRITCHARD, MILLINERS, RICH-  
MOND.

G. EVINGTON, PAINTER, TWICKENHAM.

JOHN ASH, SEEDSMAN, TWICKENHAM.

BEALE, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,  
TWICKENHAM.

MICHAEL STUBBS, UPHOLSTERER, TWICK-  
ENHAM.

GEORGE SMITH, PERUKE MAKER, TWICK-  
ENHAM.

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## THE PRINTER'S FAREWELL TO STRAW- BERRY HILL.

In printing this Kirgate made his last use of the press. To the poem were signed the initials 'T. K.,' but Baker states that the verses were written for Kirgate by Sylvester Harding.



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